

Poetry

I learn to smile with my eyes

- Jerome Coetzee

I miss my friends. I long
for interaction.
I scurry cowardly.
A virus uncovered layers of myself.
I was brave once, I was a
people person.
Now I am afraid to smile
and if I do then it is hidden
behind a mask.
I show sorrow through my
eyes and a layer erupts.
My eyes do not smile, they
cannot cover up the years of
pain and betrayal.
In the end I am thankful,
because I learn how
to fake a smile
with my eyes.